

Exp. Poetry vol 77.

VERSES

Address'd to the

IMITATOR

OF THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF THE

Second Book of HORACE.

By a LADY. *K*



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. DODD, and sold at all the Pamphlet-Shops in Town.

(Price Six-pence.)

22

VERSES

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Second Book of HORACE

By a Lady



LONDON:

Printed for A. Borden, and sold at all the Newspaper-Shops in Town.



TO THE
 IMITATOR
 OF THE

FIRST SATIRE *of the Second Book of* HORACE.

IN two large Columns, on thy motly Page,
 Where *Roman* Wit is stripe'd with *Eng-
 lish* Rage;

Where Ribaldry to Satire makes pretence,
 And modern Scandal rolls with ancient Sense:
 Whilst on one side we see how *Horace* thought;
 And on the other, how he never wrote:
 Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
 That the dull Copist better understood
 That *Spirit*, he pretends to imitate,
 Than heretofore that *Greek* he did translate?

Thine

Thine is just such an Image of *his* Pen,
 As thou thy self art of the Sons of Men:
 Where our own Species in Burlesque we trace,
 A Sign-Post Likeness of the noble Race;
 That is at once Resemblance and Disgrace.

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
 You, only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
 His Style is elegant, his Diction pure,
 Whilst none thy crabbed Numbers can endure;
 Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure.

If *He* has Thorns, they all on Roses grow;
 Thine like rude Thistles, and mean Brambles show;
 With this Exception, that tho' rank the Soil,
 Weeds, as they are, they seem produc'd by Toil.

Satire shou'd, like a polish'd Razor keen,
 Wound with a Touch, that's scarcely felt or seen.

Thine is an Oyster-Knife, that hacks and hews;
 The Rage, but not the Talent of Abuse;
 And is in *Hate*, what *Love* is in the Stews.

'Tis the gross *Lust* of Hate, that still annoys,
 Without distinction, as gross Love enjoys:

Neither

Neither to Folly, nor to Vice confin'd ;
 The Object of thy Spleen is Human Kind :
 It preys on all, who yield, or who resist ;
 To Thee 'tis Provocation to exist.

But if thou see'st * a great and gen'rous Heart,
 Thy Bow is doubly bent to force a Dart.
 Nor only Justice vainly we demand,
 But even Benefits can't rein thy Hand :
 To this or that alike in vain we trust,
 Nor find Thee less Ungrateful than Unjust.

Not even Youth and Beauty can controul
 The universal Rancour of thy Soul ;
 Charms that might soften Superstition's Rage,
 Might humble Pride, or thaw the Ice of Age.
 But how should'st thou by Beauty's Force be mov'd,
 No more for loving made, than to be lov'd ?
 It was the Equity of righteous Heav'n,
 That such a Soul to such a Form was giv'n ;
 And shews the Uniformity of Fate,
 That one so odious, shou'd be born to hate.

When God created Thee, one would believe,
 He said the same as to *the Snake of Eve* ;

* See *Taste*, an Epistle.

To human Race Antipathy declare,
'Twixt them and Thee be everlasting War.

But oh! the Sequel of the Sentence dread,
 And whilst you *bruise their Heel*, beware your Head.

Nor think thy Weakness shall be thy Defence;
 The Female Scold's Protection in Offence.

Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,

As 'tis to libel those who cannot write.

And if thou drawst thy Pen to aid the Law,

Others a Cudgel, or a Rod, may draw.

If none with Vengeance yet thy Crimes pursue,

Or give thy manifold Affronts their due;

If Limbs unbroken, Skin without a Stain,

Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unflain;

That wretched little Carcass you retain:

The Reason is, not that the World wants Eyes;

But thou'rt so mean, they see, and they despise.

When fretful *Porcupines*, with rancorous Will,

From mounted Backs shoot forth a harmless Quill,

Cool the Spectators stand; and all the while,

Upon the angry little Monster smile.

Thus

Thus 'tis with thee: —whilst impotently safe,
 You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
*Who but must laugh, this Bully when he sees,
 A little Insect shiv'ring at a Breeze?*

One over-match'd by ev'ry Blast of Wind,
 Insulting and provoking all Mankind.

Is this the *Thing* to keep Mankind in awe,
To make those tremble who escape the Law?

Is this *the Ridicule* to live so long,
The deathless Satire, and immortal Song?

No: like thy self-blown Praise, thy Scandal flies;
 And, as we're told of Wasps, it stings and dies.

If none do yet return th' intended Blow;
 You all your Safety, to your Dullness owe:
 But whilst that Armour thy poor Corps defends,
 'Twill make thy Readers few, as are thy Friends;
 Those, who thy Nature loath'd, yet lov'd thy Art,
 Who lik'd thy Head, and yet abhor'd thy Heart;
 Chose thee, to read, but never to converse,
 And scorn'd in Prose, him whom they priz'd in Verse.
 Even they shall now their partial Error see,
 Shall shun thy Writings like thy Company;

And

And to thy Books shall ope their Eyes no more,
Than to thy Person they wou'd do their Door.

Nor thou the Justice of the World difown,
That leaves Thee thus an Out-cast, and alone;
For tho' in Law, to murder be to kill,
In Equity the Murder's in the Will;
Then whilst with Coward Hand you stab a Name,
And try at least t'assassinate our Fame;
Like the first bold Assassin's be thy Lot,
Ne'er be thy Guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But as thou hate'st, be hated by Mankind,
And with the Emblem of thy crooked Mind,
Mark'd on thy Back, like *Cain*, by God's own Hand;
Wander like him, accursed through the Land.

F I N I S.



